

A N
E P I S T L E

FROM
austen
Signora F---A

TO A
L A D Y.

*They do Let Heav'n see the Pranks,
They dare not shew their Husbands.*

OTHELLO.



V E N I C E :

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CONDEMN not, *Madam*, as I write in Haste,
 My Thoughts confus'd, or any Word misplac'd.
 Of cens'ring Tongues I scorn the little Spite,
 In wild Disorder, as I Love, I Write.
 In Haste I write to ease your tortur'd Mind,
 Spite of your Jealousy, I still am kind.
 Unspotted as the Sun, my Love shall rise,
 And soon dispel the Fears that cloud your Eyes.

Let others for dear Scandal search the Town,
 Or with superior Fancy chuse a Gown :
 Others their Heads with learned Volumes fill,
 Or boast of deeper Science at Quadrille :
 In the gay Dance let other Nymphs excel ;
F-----na's Glory lies in Loving well.
 Of Pleasure all the various Modes I know,
 Its different Degrees, its Ebb and Flow.
 Ladies, unpractis'd in the Art of Love,
 A living *Aretin* in me may prove.
 Propitious *Venus* grant me Power to give
 Joy to fair -----, 'tis for her I Live.
 Cease then to let your jealous Fancy rove,
 Nor give me such a cruel Proof of Love.



Am I in Fault, that Crouds obsequious bend,
 And rival Beauties for my Love contend ?
 That fierce *Tbalestris* has attack'd my Heart ?
 Or gentle *Chloe* cast a milder Dart ?
 To fierce *Tbalestris* I disdain to yield,
 And gentle *Chloe* ne'er shall gain the Field.
 In vain she breathes her Passion in my Ear,
 For when you speak I nothing else can hear :
 In vain with Transport to my Feet she flew,
 All Joys are tasteless, but what come thro' you.
 Before your fatal Face I chanc'd to see,
 No Cynick ever laugh'd at Love like me.
 Inconstant as the Wind, free as the Air,
 I rang'd from Man to Man, from Fair to Fair.
 I rov'd about like the industrious Bee,
 First suck'd the Honey, then forsook the Tree.
 In *Venus*' Combats, I have spent the Day,
Swiss-like, I fought on any Side for Pay.
 But now I Love, and your bewitching Face
 Has well aveng'd the Cause of Human Race.
 Do Justice to your self, review your Charms,
 Nor fear to see me in another's Arms.
 Have you not Beauty equal to your Youth ?
 Look in your Glass, and then suspect my Truth.
 No Passion tramontane in you I've found,
 By Love and Gratitude I'm doubly bound.
 You first of all the British Fair declar'd,
 I sung unrival'd, e'er my Voice you heard.

By Sympathy you felt each Charm, each Grace,
 And lov'd my Person, e'er you saw my Face.
 Nor was I coy, or difficult to move,
 When you reveal'd the Story of your Love.
 With such pathetick Mirth you play'd your Part,
 You found an easy Conquest of my Heart.
 I felt a thrilling Joy, 'till then unknown,
 And Lov'd with Ardour equal to your own.
 Witness the Transports of that happy Day,
 When melting in each other's Arms we lay.
 With Velvet Kifs your humid Lips I press'd,
 And rode triumphant on your panting Breast.
 Thus rode St. George, thus fearless thrust his Dart
 Up to the Head in the fell Dragon's Heart.

In Extasy you cry'd, What Joys are these?
 Not *Durestanti's* self so well cou'd please.
 This is no sleepy Husband's feeble Mite,
 The tasteless Tribute of an ill-spent Night.



Such were our Joys, O cou'd they always last!
 But greatest Pleasures are the soonest past.
 O did my Power and Will in Concert move!
 And were my Strength but equal to my Love!
 Th' incredulous Philosopher shou'd see
 Perpetual Motion verified in me.

F I N I S